

THE WAR CRY.

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

Year. No 17.

WILLIAM ROOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1911.

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A MINER'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

See Page 14.

The General's Social Schemes

The London "Times" Pays Them a Magnificent Tribute.

IN a recent issue the London Times contained a weighty leading article entitled "Christmas appeals and The Salvation Army," which incidentally pays a magnificent tribute to The General's social schemes. From the article we take the following extracts:

"The Salvation Army, which could give lessons to any school or college of advertising, has prepared a special and very effective means this winter in the shape of a book by Mr. Rider Haggard. It is called 'Regeneration,' is published by Messrs. Longmans, and it contains an account of the Social Work of The Salvation Army in Great Britain. Mr. Haggard has visited all the metropolitan and many of the Provincial institutions of that multifarious Organization, and he describes and discusses what he found there. It is a long list. There are the night Shelters, the Work-shops, the Ex-criminal Work, the Employment Office, Investigation and Emigration Departments, the many Institutions on the women's side for Rescue, Maternity, and Training, the Slum Settlement, Piccadilly Mid-night Work, Anti-Suicide Bureau, Land Colony at Hadleigh, Small-Holdings Settlement at Boxted, and many others. General Booth asks for £53,000 to carry them on.

How the Critics were Routed.

"The publication of this interesting little book recalls the appearance of 'In Darkest England,' and the sensation which it caused. That was just twenty years ago, and, if we remember rightly, about the same time of year or a little earlier. The Salvation Army had then not very long begun its Social Work, except on the women's side which was started and carried on by Mrs. Booth; and The General boldly asked for a million sterling to carry out a great scheme of social regeneration. The appeal raised a storm of hostile criticism and ridicule, and the million was not forthcoming. But it was a magnificent advertisement, and it drew very substantial support—to the extent of £100,000 if we are not mistaken. Enthusiasts believed in the practicability of the scheme; critics thought it would do more harm than good; and the very shrewd were quite certain that it was just a fraud and an ingenious device of Mr. Booth's for feathering his own nest. They were all more or less mistaken, but the very shrewd were the most astray; they were absolutely wrong, as men who love to attribute base motives frequently are. General Booth has lived down all personal imputations so completely as to make anything of the kind ridiculous. Nor are the critics who thought he would do more harm than good justified by the results. Perhaps if he had got the million for which he asked they might have been, for it is difficult enough to spend so much money or anything without doing more harm than good, and in philanthropic or charitable work it is more difficult than in most other fields. It may fairly be argued to-day that much of The Salvation Army activity, and especially the Night Shelters, Free Breakfast, and the like, do maintain and so encourage the submerged class, the loafers, the unemployed, who are beyond all question more numerous in this than in any comparable country.

The Work of a "Great Man."

"Probably many of The Salvation Army Officers would admit that contention up to a certain point. They would also admit that the proportion of those who are permanently regenerated out of all that come into their hands is small. But they would say that the work is worth doing for the sake of those who are regenerated, even though they be comparatively few. And no man who knows at all what the depths are and what regeneration means will be disposed to deny that it is worth doing for the sake of one in a thousand, or would take the responsibility of stopping it.

"The comparative paucity of completely satisfactory results means that the Darkest England scheme was, as a scheme, impracticable. It was too sanguine; the task which General Booth set himself was superhuman. He probably sees that himself on looking back after the lapse of twenty years. But that does not make his work a failure. On the contrary, it is an amazing, one may even say a stupendous, success. It has developed in other directions and on different lines. To have built up this world-wide Organization, which embraces the globe with a net-work of varied institutions, all engaged in active, helping, human work, holding out a hand to those who need it, men, women, and children; and to have done this through the power and on the basis of a pure, Christian enthusiasm in these latter days of materialistic and rationalistic domination—such an achievement can only be called great. It is the work of a great man. We were all paying tribute the other day to Tolstoy, whose greatness is universally acknowledged. He was a man apart, not of common mould, a giant who could do what other men cannot. Full of faith, and weakness, of course, and open to criticism, but—great. And the figure of General Booth may stand beside his, venerable, too, bent with eighty years and worn with work but still fed with an unquenchable fire, which

is not that of other men. It is easy to criticize his work and to point out defects, but who else could have done it? Different as the two men are, there is something of the prophet in them both. And it is in keeping with that character that General Booth should have more honour in other countries than in his own though here he has long enjoyed the appreciation of the highest in the land, who are not the least discerning judges. The work of The Salvation Army is highly valued and recognized by Government, not only in the British self-governing Dominions, but in various foreign countries, where it is officially entrusted with regeneration work. Readers will find information on these points and on the aspirations of The Salvation Army at home in Mr. Haggard's book, which also discusses the interesting question of the future of the Organization when General Booth is no longer here to direct it. We hope that time is distant, and meanwhile we wish success to his Christmas appeal."

The following are some interesting extracts from "Regeneration":

One little incident that occurred in the course of his inspection of our Institutions no doubt helped Mr. Haggard more than most things to realize the tremendous realities of the work. He tells how Staff-Captain MacGregor of the Westminster Metropole, after showing him around the place, gave him a vivid reminder of his own history:

"One day this Staff-Captain played a grim little trick upon me. I was seated at luncheon in a Salvation Army building, when the door opened, and there entered as drearily a human object as I have ever seen. The man was clad in tatters, his bleeding feet were bound up with filthy rags; he wore a dingy newspaper for a shirt. His face was cut and plastered over roughly; he was a disgusting sight. He told me, in husky accents, that drink had brought him down, and that he wanted help. I made a few appropriate remarks, presented him with a small coin, and sent him to the Officers downstairs.

A Remarkable Change.

"A quarter of an hour later the Staff-Captain appeared in his uniform and explained that he and the 'object' were the same person. Again it was the clothes that made the difference. Those which he had worn when he appeared at the luncheon-table were the same in which he had been picked up on the streets of London."

How many men have been blessed through The Army because we remain natural men and women, capable of any pleasant little by-play that may be needed to awaken them to forgotten facts! There would have been nothing in it had the Staff-Captain not been giving a true picture of his former self. But that he was able so to make merry over his terrible past may help many another besides the author to realize that out of just such drunkards as he himself was God has made, in connection with our work everywhere, new, happy, useful men.

Mr. Rider Haggard, from his own magisterial experience, has perfectly understood what difficult material we have everywhere to deal with. Not from beautiful homes of faith and prayer, but out of the very worst surroundings have we got, everywhere, the inmates of our various Institutions, where he has seen such pictures as the following:

Success in the Women's Work.

"Most of the young women in the Women's Industrial Home at Hackney when I visited it had been thieves. One, who was twenty-seven years of age, had stolen ever since she was twelve, and the lady in charge told me that when she came to them everything she had on her, and almost all the articles in her trunk were the property of former mistresses.

"In answer to my questions, Commissioner Cox informed me that the result of their work in this Home was so satisfactory that they scarcely liked to announce it. They computed, however, that taken on a three years' test—for the subsequent career of each inmate is followed for that period—90 per cent. of the cases prove to be permanent moral cures. This, when the previous history of these young women is considered, may, I think, be accounted a great triumph.

"I ask what was done if any of them refused to work. The answer was that this very rarely happened, as the women-Officers shared in their labours, and the girls could not for shame's sake sit idle while their Officers worked. I visited the room where this sewing was in progress, and observed that Commissioner Cox, who conducted me, was received with hearty, and to all appearance, spontaneous clapping of hands, which seemed to indicate that these poor young women are happy and contented. The hours of labour kept in the Home are those laid down in the Factory Acts."

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

Band Chat.

Peterboro Temple Band and Songsters gave a musical festival on Monday night, Dec. 26th. Both Band and Songsters turned out in full strength. The proceeds of the evening were for the benefit of a comrade who has just undergone a serious operation.

The Band, under Bandmaster Perrey, gave Rock No. 11, the Blackpool March, and other journals. The Songsters under Songster-Leader Moyns, gave "Jerusalem, My Happy Home" and "Happy, Glad, and Free." Perhaps the most interesting item on the programme was the combined effort of Band and Songsters, in "On for God and Right." The Songster sang the piece with hand accompaniment. It made a great hit. There were several other interesting items. We have welcomed Bandsman F. Robertson, who takes up solo euphonium, and Bandsman D. Thompson from Barrie, who takes up 2nd tenor.

For the benefit of our band-room picture gallery we should like to exchange hand pictures with any Canadian Band. Address: Bandsman J. Thomas, 97 Park street (south), Peterboro, Ont.

Sydney Mines, C.B.—The Band recently held a banquet to raise funds for new instruments. As you are aware, this is the baby band in the Maritime Provinces, and to help it along the Sydney Mines Town Band, which is said to be the best band in these parts, recently gave a musical programme for the Army Band's special benefit. The sacred music was very fine, and the Sydney Bandsmen are greatly encouraged as a result of the effort put forth by the thirty-three handsman of the town. On December 12th, Major McLean presented the Corps Band with thirteen new instruments.

The Lippincott Band is still being led on by Bandmaster Ives. The last Band Sunday took place on December 18th, when a very successful series of meetings was conducted by the Bandsman, assisted by Band Secretary (Captain) Fattenden.

Now that serenading is over, the Band is preparing for a musical evening to be held on Jan. 26th.

Dunnville.—Our band was at the watch-night service on Saturday night, going out and playing three or four pieces on the street at about twenty minutes after twelve.

We are glad over the arrival of two new players—Bro. Lampert and son. The father plays cornet, and the son is taking up first trombone.—J. H.

Hamilton I. Band met with a very liberal response to their appeals during Christmas serenading. Over \$400 was given by the Hamiltonians, who for many years have plumed themselves as being residents of the most musical city in Canada, and consequently must know good music when they hear it.

Portage la Prairie Silver Band is making rapid progress. The Band numbers 17 players, and is now arrayed in new uniforms. The Band recently visited one of the small villages near here, and gave a musical festival. Among the pieces the Band played were: Songs of Scotland, Song of Praise, the Name Selection, and the Spanish Chant and Third Prize March. We also gave a festival at the Home for Incurables and the prison, which was very much enjoyed by the inmates there. Preparations are under way for a similar evening at the Boys Reformatory. During Christmas week the Band spent something like seventeen hours serenading, and were well received by the citizens. Totals for Christmas playing amounts to \$100, which is a record for Portage la Prairie. Christmas playing, Captain Merritt, our Corps Officer, who is an old Bandsman, has taken over the Band practices, and under his leadership the Band is making good progress both musically and spiritually.

Commissioner Rees

THE MAN WHO DISTURBED HIS MEETING.

The following interesting story, which beautifully illustrates a side of our new Commissioner's character, has been supplied by Colonel Duff, Editor of the British Young Soldier.



COMMISSIONER REES has been an Officer in The Salvation Army about twenty-nine years, but instead of giving you a sketch of his life, I am going to tell you a story which, I think, will show you the kind of work the Commissioner delights to do.

One Sunday, just about Christmas-time, some years ago, Commissioner Rees was holding a great meeting in the Temple in Stockholm, the capital city of Sweden. The building was packed, and the night meeting well on when two drunken men came in. At first they sat quietly near the door; but the warmth of the hall soon made them start talking to each other, and presently they began answering back what was said from the platform.

Two sergeants, distressed at the meeting being interrupted in this way, went over to the two men meaning to put them out, but from the platform the Commissioner said: "Sergeants, never mind those two dear fellows. Drunken men are always welcome in our halls. They are the very kind for which we exist, so let them be. They will not disturb me, bless them; and God will surely save them in answer to our prayer and faith."

Soon after this one of the men rose and left the hall, but the other sat listening attentively to the Commissioner's great satisfaction.

As soon as the prayer-meeting began Staff-Captain Richter, the War Cry Editor, who loves drunkards, made his way to the back of the hall, and dealt earnestly with the poor man about his soul. As a result Swenson, as we will call him, came out to the penitent-form to seek salvation, and told of the sorrow which had made him come to the Army.

It seems that Swenson's eldest son, a boy of thirteen, had been a great grief to his mother. He had drifted into bad habits till he had become a clever thief and had just been taken up for stealing jewelry. His sentence was a heavy one—several years in a reformatory—but before being taken to a distant part of Sweden

the police had given his father the opportunity of seeing him once more to say good-bye.

Swenson found his son standing between two police officers on the deck of the ship that was to take him away.

"Oh, father," said the boy through his tears. "If you had but set me a good example and been what I have heard my mother say you used to be in the old days, I am sure I should not have disgraced you like this; I should not have broken my mother's heart, nor have had to be taken away from my home."

The boy's words pierced his father's soul, and Swenson turned from the ship and wandered down the streets, filled with remorse and shame.

"It is true," he thought. "I have set him only a bad example. It is my fault that he has spoiled and disgraced his life. And to drown his sorrows the poor father turned in to a public-house and spent what little money he had in drink."

This had happened on the Friday. The Sunday evening found him still drunk, but in The Salvation Army Temple for the first time.

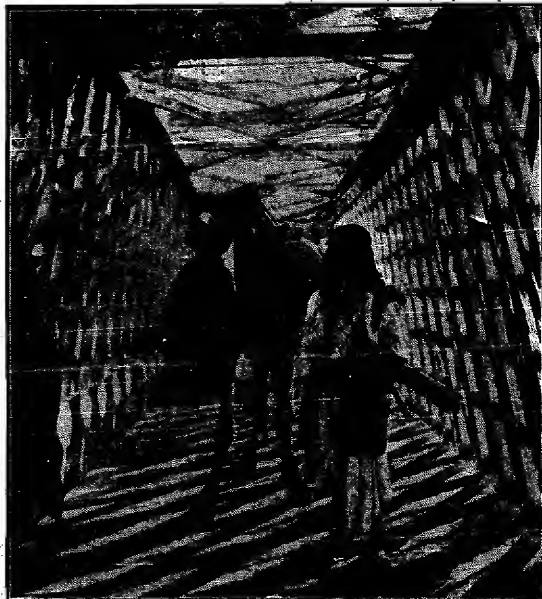
The Temple meeting was over, and Swenson stood among other penitents about to turn out into the bitter cold of the winter's night.

"Let two of the Cadet Sergeants see him home," said the Commissioner. "The walk will do them no harm, and we shall know something about where he lives."

Accordingly the two young men tramped off, one each side of Swenson, and they found that his so-called "home" consisted of one room underground, practically a cellar. Here, on a heap of rags, lay his wife, with a baby of but a few days old in her arms, while several other little children were seeking to get what warmth they could by clinging close together.

No food, no fire, no comfort, and a piercing northern cold which sent the thermometer down twenty-two degrees below zero.

The Sergeants took in the situation at once, and they hurried back to the



CROSSING THE JORDAN—THE MODERN WAY. Where the ancient ferry ran is now this wooden lattice bridge which is farmed out by the Turkish Government, a toll being collected for every man and animal using the bridge.

Training Home. The Officer in charge of the side and presently, three in the morning, more to the cell, carrying a supply of blankets by two women, accompanied by two women Cadets.

The little children, believe their eyes, lighted in the stove, and the mother was told the women Cadets.

A few weeks later, the same story was told of a freed her husband, the mother was told the women Cadets.

Nearly twelve months later, in charge of the Temple, satisfied now that Swenson's wife were truly converted, change in them was a real one—went to the mother in the family, and asked if he could not be released.

Inquiries were made, and recommendation of the Reformatory was given, and he was sent home to his wife once again.

On his return the Commissioner arranged that the lad should be given work in a construction Army, so that he might be full of vigour and help, and he was not abused the confidence of him.

At last came the Commissioner's farewell orders. Before leaving the Territory for his new post, he had a final sitting with the Council, and a number of pairs of property came up for consideration.

When these were given to the Commissioner, incidentally the Property Secretary of the man who would continue to work.

"Why, we are going to Job to Brother Swenson's home," answered the Secretary, lighting up with satisfaction. "He has been since that Sunday night when he disturbed your meeting, and that he has now made a success of himself in business, and as he is a practical man, we think this should be an encouragement to him."

Now, this is the work of the Commissioner Rees, who has done his own meeting is interrupted by a boy and the salvation of a soul.

"Are there any homes for Swenson's in beautiful Canada?" asked perhaps.

Yes, I am afraid there are. Swenson's in beautiful Canada may be a blessing—not only to the Officers and Soldiers under his command—but to the drunkards and the boys and girls as well.

Craniums and Crime.

That a criminal could be made into an upright man by means of a surgical operation is almost a new belief, but that is what a certain person in the United States has done. As a result a man who had been in the State prison has been restored to his parents, and his crimes and lives had been given to him.

His case has for more than a year attracted the attention of neurologists, and surgeons. The last came to the conclusion that the persistent infractions of the law were largely, if not entirely, due to a fracture of the skull inflicted when he was a boy of fourteen. An operation was performed last March, and since then he has become a new creature, a moral man of the best impulses.

A case like this raises the question as to how far cranial surgery is factors in developing criminal tendencies. As a general rule, the crime is the result of bad upbringing, and it requires an operation of the great Physician to transform man's nature and make him a new creature.

THE

of Canadians.

Speaking at Toronto recently, Mr. Owen touched on some problems in which every Canadian should be interested. Immigration, the divergence of Eastern and Western Canada, the conservation of national resources and citizenship were among the subjects he discussed, and he ended upon his hearers the desirability of instilling into the minds of every young Canadian the fact that Canada was the very best country in the world in which to live.

As regards immigration, he said that we have a tremendous task before us to teach the people who come from Continental Europe, the duties of citizenship, and what it means to be in a country where constitutional liberty and citizenship mean so much. The prevention of a divergence of interests between Eastern and Western Canada was also another problem before us.

"The West at the present time is wholly agricultural," he continued, "and the Eastern Provinces, as well as the West, have enormous industrial interests. Think of all these things, and I am sure that everyone will do his best to dissipate this divergence between the two portions of Canada. Overlooking conditions, we cannot doubt that the interests of the West of Canada, and of should be identical."

As regards citizenship, he urged that the children in school should be taught something of the duties and responsibilities of citizens, and thus prepared to take their full share in the life of the nation.

Sir George Ross afterwards said that he was glad the speaker had opened up the questions of the future, for it was a poor Canadian who was always looking back or looking down.

Mr. Chapman on Revivals.

A great evangelist's campaign in Toronto, under the leadership of Rev. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Alexander. At the inauguration service in Massey Hall, Mr. Chapman spoke on "Revivals."

"I make an appeal this evening," he continued, "for a revival that is more than ethics. We want something more than ethics in the world, and the Christian religion, and yet Christianity in darkness to-day. We want men to be really saved, to be true Christians, true to themselves and to the world, in business as well as in private life. When that comes about, religion will once more become a power, men will find it easy to preach, and the churches will be filled."

"We have not had a revival," he continued, "because too many men have professed Christ and have not possessed Him. Too many men have their names on the church books, and yet they are not in their business."

"Too many times we who are prominent in church life have not manifested Christ in our business, in our homes, and to our friends. It is just as religious for a man to make it easier for his stenographer and for his children as it is to sit in church and sing hymns."

"We have drifted away from the old ideas of home, from the days when mothers and fathers were saints, when we had family altars. We need a revival that will give us better homes, that will inspire men with a passion for the things of God."

"I know what would fill the churches, I know what would set Toronto on fire. It is for every man to stand to his neighbour about Jesus—man—man can do it. We need a revival of religion that will make like Jesus Christ. That is the life of revival we want."

New Field for Rubber Trade.

It seems likely that North America is soon to receive attention as a place to build a railway from Port Darwin to the south of the Malay Peninsula.

In Northern Australia there is a scant population. The territory comprises 523,620 square miles, and only about 2,000 inhabitants.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS

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"I make an appeal this evening," he continued, "for a revival that is as real as it can be. We want something more than ethics. China has the best system of ethics in the world, after the Christian religion, and yet China is in darkness to-day. We want men to be really saved, to be true Christians, true to themselves and to their fellows, in business as well as in private life. When that comes about, religion will once more become popular, men will find it easy to preach, and the churches will be filled."

"We have not had a revival," he continued, "because too many men have professed Christ and have not possessed Him. Too many men have their names on the church books and crucify Him again in their business. Too many times we who are prominent in church life have not manifested Christ in our business, in our homes, and to our friends. I think it is just as religious for a man to make it easier for his stenographer and for his children as it is to sit in church and sing hymns."

"We have drifted away a little from the old ideas of home, from the days when mothers and fathers were saving when we had family altars. We need a revival that will give us better homes, that will inspire men with a passion for work. I know what would fill the churches. I know what would set Toronto on fire. It is for every man to speak to his neighbour about Jesus—every man—on every day. We need a revival of religion that will make us like Jesus Christ. That is the kind of revival we want."

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THE MAURETANIA'S RUSH.

The Mauretania's return dash from New York to England with the determined object of completing the round transatlantic voyage within twelve days or even less commenced at six o'clock on Saturday, December 17. In less than thirty-eight hours this 32,000-ton quadruple-screw turbine steamer disgorged over 1,000 tons of freight and baggage, a large number of passengers, and nearly 5,000 sacks of Christmas mails, and took aboard over 6,000 tons of coals from a fleet of twenty-two barges, 1,000 tons of cargo, 1,500 passengers, nearly 4,000 sacks of mails and enough food to supply an army for a week. The departure of the Mauretania was a gala event in New York. Punctually at six o'clock the mighty engines began throbbing with a gentle vibration from stem to stern as she started on the second stage of her long ocean flight amid the cheers of thousands of people assembled on the quays of the harbour. Several tug boats followed the liner down the Hudson River and past the statue of Liberty in order to see the last of the vessel as she steered full steam ahead towards the open waters of the Atlantic, leaving in her wake a great broad track of churned waters fully a mile long.



AN AMERICAN SAILOR HOLDING IN HIS ARMS THE BULLDOG MAS-COT OF U.S.S. "VIRGINIA."

The second and fourth divisions of the American Atlantic Fleet have been paying a visit to England over Christmas. The second division were anchored at Portland, while the fourth division of the fleet took up their moorings at Gravesend.

whom two-thirds are natives. A railway development will be followed; it is expected, by the exploitation of the resources of the territory that, now are dormant.

The territory is relied upon as a fine field for the production of rubber, the recent phenomenal advances in the price of that commodity causing those interested in its production to take advantage of any region promising a profitable yield. It is said that the only drawback the country offers to rubber culture is the fear of white ants, which are a terrible scourge, and to cope with which some means must be found.

Buffalo farming also, it is said, will form one of the pursuits of the territory. About 5,000 head of those animals are now exported yearly from Port Darwin.

A Street Battle in Old London.

A most extraordinary battle between police and burglars recently took place in the streets of old London. On the one side were fifteen hundred police, a company of the Scots Guards with a machine gun, and a number of firemen; on the other side, two desperate burglars and murderers. Incredible as it may appear, these two men kept their pursuers at bay for ten hours, firing a hail of lead from automatic pistols through the windows of a house in Stepney.

The men were wanted by the police for the murder of three constables at Hounslow on Dec. 16th. Discovered in a daring attempt to dig their way underground to a jewelry store, they opened fire with revolvers, and after killing three constables and wounding two others, made good their escape. They were tracked to this house in Stepney, and at five o'clock one morning, while it was yet dark, a party of armed police crept upon them, hoping to find them asleep.

But the suspected men were alert. Some noise must have betrayed the police, for on the instant a fusillade of bullets poured through a window. More police were called, and then the long flight commenced.

The beleaguered men kept up a continuous fire, which was continuously answered. Every corner of the house was occupied—at corners, in archways, and on roofs. First from one window and then another of the two inner storeys the beleaguered fired from time to time, inflicting a slight wound on a policeman or civilian. Bullet after bullet crashed through the windows, but none found its mark.

Finally the soldiers were called out, and the two desperadoes, after relying to their terrific fire for several hours more, at last set fire to the house and perished in the flames.

Never has such a scene been witnessed in London before. The people are now thoroughly amused at the dangers of allowing all the outcasts of Europe to enter in their country and on agitation is also in progress for the better arming of the police.

A Cowardly Libel.

Accused of sedition, a man has been arrested in London, Eng., and a number of copies of his paper seized. The paper printed an article containing virulent abuse of England and the Royal family, and rehearsed the old report that King George contracted a marriage at Malta in 1890.

It is satisfactory to know that this story has no foundation whatever. Mr. Stead was requested to investigate it, and as a result he says: "The whole story is a lie from beginning to end—a lie which, considering all things, may well be branded as infernal. It is a cowardly lie because it is one which its victim is powerless to resent. If any one were to say the things about his butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker, that are being said about the King, he would be liable to be brought up with a sharp turn before a criminal court to answer for malicious defamation of character, or slander, or criminal libel. But because the calumniated person happens to be our Sovereign Lord the King, no such remedy is available."

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

On Active Service.

Or, WAR MEMORIES OF A VETERAN IN TWO ARMIES.

CHAPTER III. HOW THE 72nd HEARD OF INKERMAN.

IN spite of his backing out of enlisting in the 72nd Highlanders, Jim had got the war fever too bad to stay at home long. The newspaper reports of the Allies' first victory at the Alma stirred him up more than ever, and so a few weeks later he enlisted again in the same Regiment. Knowing that it would raise another storm of indignation and tears if he told his mother and sweetheart, Jim kept the matter a secret until he had left Glasgow. Upon reaching Dublin he wrote a letter to his mother telling her what he had done, and by the time she received it he was on his way to the regimental depot at Galway. Not much time was spent in training recruits in those days, for the need of men was urgent, and regiments were hurried to the front as quickly as possible. After a short stay at the depot, therefore, Jim got orders to accompany the regiment on a march from Galway to Limerick. One incident of that march stands out clearly in his memory. As the tired troops neared the little town of Ennis a stage coach overtook them. Riding on the top of it was one of the Staff Officers of the Regiment, and as soon as he got within earshot he called out that another battle had been fought at Inkerman, resulting in complete victory for the Allies. This announcement was received with deafening cheers. He also threw a newspaper to the men so that they could read all about it for themselves, and when a halt was called it was eagerly passed from hand to hand. The all-absorbing topic of conversation for that day and many days afterwards was the battle of Inkerman and the sturdy Highlanders burned to emulate the deeds of their comrades at the front. As soon as Jim got told of the paper he looked eagerly for news of what his old regiment—the Scots Guards—had done, and was delighted to find that they had given a good account of themselves. He wondered how Hector McKenzie and the others whom he had known had fared, for the Guards had lost half their men in the fierce contest. Were his friends among the killed?

"Tell us something about Inkerman, Jim," said Jack Frazer, the soldier who marched next to him, as the march was resumed. "I didn't get a chance to look at the paper, and only heard a few bits of talk about it. How did the battle begin?"

"Well, it seems as though it began in the dark," said Jim. "A whole lot of Russians marched out of Sebastopol about four o'clock in the morning under cover of the darkness and also hidden by a thick fog. Our fellows never knew they were coming till their musket balls began to rain on them. Then they jumped up and got after 'em in quick time."

"What! without having any grub?" asked Jack.

"Yes. They hadn't any time to light fires and cook breakfast," said Jim.

"Poor beggars," said Jack. "Two brigades only stood the brunt of the first attack," continued Jim. "Going up to the brow of a hill at the double they were met with a murderous fire of shell and round shot from forty guns which the Russians brought to bear on them."

"My gars," said Jack. "What a hot reception."

"By this time," continued Jim, "the whole British Army was in motion, and then commenced one of the biggest fights I or any other man has ever read about. The thunder of the guns and rattle of musketry was deaf-

ening and our poor fellows went down by hundreds. They soon got to close quarters with the enemy though, and got a chance to use their bayonets."

"Then the Russians gave way, I suppose," said Jack.

"No," replied Jim. "They put up a most desperate fight, and the British had to wrest every inch of ground from them by sheer pluck and muscle. The Guards Brigade, which I was in once, did wonders. They were outnumbered five to one, but they charged the heavy infantry battalions of the Russians and drove them back at the point of the bayonet. They were outflanked, however, and a fearful fire was poured in on them. This forced them to retire with the loss of half the Brigade, but as soon as they were reinforced they went at the enemy again and speedily avenged their loss. Nobody will dare say now that the Guards are good for nothing else besides parading in Hyde Park and strutting about London. I tell you Jack, I feel quite proud of my old regiment, and my father's too, before me."

"What are ye cackling about so much," interrupted a brawny Highlander in the next rank, Sandy Mac-Nab by name. "Aren't the Scottish regiments good enough for ye without cracking up the Guards so much?"

"Well, it was the Scots Guards I was talking about," said Jim.

"Oh, well then I'll forgive ye," said Sandy, "but let's hope you'll be talking about the deeds of the gallant 72nd soon."

"No doubt I will," said Jim, "if we don't get there too late to do anything. At the rate we're winning battles the war will be all over soon."

"Go on with your story about Inkerman, Jim," now urged Jack. "I'm anxious to hear how it ended up."

"Where was I?" said Jim. "Oh, I recollect: the charge of the Guards. Well, soon after that the French troops arrived on the scene, greatly to the joy of our struggling regiments. The Zouaves and Chasseurs came on at the charge, and with their trumpets sounding above the din of battle rushed at the enemy's right flank. The Russians were swept back and from that moment the tide of battle turned. By mid-day the enemy was in full retreat, and we were victors of the field. But we have won

at an awful cost, for the paper says that the battlefield is covered with heaps of dead and dying soldiers."

"That means that a lot more troops will be wanted out there in a hurry," said Jack. "Well, I'm ready to have a go at the Russians as soon as they like to send me."

"And so am I," said Jim, the war fever surging in his blood.

Before many months had passed, however, his enthusiasm had somewhat cooled, owing to contact with war's realities.

When the 72nd arrived at Limerick the commanding officer thought that it would be a good plan to "beat up" the town for recruits. A sergeant, accompanied by a drummer and a flute player, was sent round therefore to see whom he could obtain. The Irishmen, however, fought shy of the "Bucky Highlanders" as they termed the regiment, and the sergeant got more fun poking at him than he liked. At the end of the day he came marching into camp with only two recruits, Pat Lyons and Johnny Ryan of whom we shall hear more later.

At length orders came that the regiment was to proceed to Cork and embark on H.M.S. Neptune for the seat of war. This news was received with rejoicing.

The Neptune was a warship of 120 guns, and besides nearly a thousand soldiers she carried a crew of a thousand sailors. So it may be imagined how closely they were packed.

"This reminds me of sardines in a box," said Jack Frazer to Jim as they scrambled into their hammocks the first night on board. "Only eighteen inches for a Highlander to squeeze into."

"Well that's better than the sailors. They only have fourteen inches allowed them," said Jim.

"Poor beggars," said Jack, using a favourite expression of his when he wished to express sympathy with any one.

"Hi there! Phwat's the matter w'd you spalpeens?" roared the stentorian voice of Pat Lyons, one of the recruits they had picked up at Limerick. "Does ye know ye're squeezing me all to a jelly?"

It so happened that Jack and Jim were the last ones to scramble into their hammocks that night. The long row of sleepers were already wedged pretty tight, and the efforts they made to squeeze themselves in between them called forth the protest from Pat. But his complaint was addressed to the wrong party, for Jack Frazer was not noted for his serenity of temper under reproach.

"Ah shnt up, ye Irish gossoon," he

growled out. "Ye don't know ye're well off."

"Be jabbers, I'll smash ye," yelled Pat, and he made efforts to descend from his hammock for the purpose of putting his enemy into execution.

Not being used to such a hammock, however, he fell and found himself tipped out and sprawling on the deck.

The commotion aroused the sergeant of the mess.

"Now, Private Lyons," he said, "have ye put in the hammock just get back to your hammock and don't get disturbing the others."

"But, sergeant darlint, I want to smash the face of that big Scouse first," urged Pat.

"Get back to your hammock or I have ye put in the hammock," threatened the sergeant.

So Pat crawled back as he was able, muttering many a curse against the big Scotchman who had insulted him. Like most men, however, he was a good humoured fellow, though a bit hasty, and the fair ended the next day after the interchange of a few words and two men were better friends than ever.

Shortly after daybreak the Neptune weighed anchor and sailed for sea and the crews of the ship came to see their friends and relatives off to the war. There were many affectionate partings, wives, mothers, and sweethearts of whom never saw their soldier lads again. Poor Jim was some as he witnessed all this, his thoughts turned to Glasgow where his mother and Jennie were. He wondered if he would ever see them again.

The novelty of the situation, however, soon banished all such thoughts from his mind, and he was soon engrossed in watching the land from view and discussing with the others how long it would take them to reach Gibraltar—the first place of call.

The duties of the soldiers on board were very light, consisting mainly of guard mounting and fatigue. What at sea they adopted the naval term for the former and called the "watches." The fatigues consisted of stowing hammocks, attending to the food, and holystoning the decks. After these jobs was done they had nothing to do but lounge around the deck watching for big fish, sea-sickness, and telling yarns. Meanwhile, the first day all went well, and the troops began to congratulate themselves on their excellent anti-nautical qualities. When the Neptune reached the Bay of Biscay, however, a heavy storm from the westward struck her, and she began to pitch and toss in a most alarming manner. At one moment her bow would be high in the air on the crest of a gigantic wave, and the next deep down in a valley of waters. This soon began to tell on the troops, and it was a very dejected looking lot of Highlanders who hung over the gunwale or lay sprawled on deck that day as the vessel bobbed up and down in the tempestuous waters. Poor Jim was early stricken down.

"Hullo Jim," said Jack Frazer, as he came across his friend sitting on the hatchway looking as white as a ghost. "What's the matter? Say, shant I bring you up a nice piece of fat pork for dinner?"

"Ugh!" groaned Jim, "don't talk about such things now. Can't you see I'm sick?"

"Oh, you'll soon get your sea legs, and then you'll be all right," said Jack consolingly.

"Sea legs," said Jim. "Hamp's I seem to want a sea stomach now, I tell ye. Say Jack, old man, will you let me carry out a little plan?"

"Sure I will," said Jack.

"I'm going to crawl in there," Jim, indicating the longboat which swung on its davits nearby, "and canvas covering over it."

"Well, what about it," said Jack.

"What do you want me to do?"

Continued on Page Fourteen.



Bro. Webb, 327. Sergt. Wiley, 776. These Comrades sold over a thousand Christmas Crys between them.

January 21, 1911.

VISITOR FROM I

Major Peacock To Cry Man.

A War Cry man, a little chat with Peacock of Regina. The major was at T. H. C. prior to his departure from Land, where he will be of selecting and of arms who will be in command during the war.

"Well, what do you want the S.M. looked down right (he is considered), took the War Cry of his own—so high, sorry—and gave it a strip of a bench vise.

"How's Regina?"

"Fine."

"The Corps I mean."

"Yes, doing fine, going on now."

"Good! What's it like?"

"Well, there's about 100,000 men in the line."

"How came out from the short time ago. Where's the existing Band, and the nice little command?"

"The city itself. Is it?"

"Well, I guess it is. It's spent over \$2,000,000 in the last year."

"We've got the Parliament for the Province of Saskatchewan, and they're looking, too. Of course, it's a great improvement, and new 'Hall' very soon. We're going some, eh?"

"The 'Cry' man asked, and then asked the Major how long he had been in the Army."

"Well, it's somewhat of a century, I know pretty well how to tell you that I was the Major of one of the regiments in Canada."

"Then you must have been very early in the day?"

"Enrolled!" echoed.

"There wasn't such a recruitment in my young days, simply handed a little few regulations when we were full."

"And as far as I myself, what I am told I have been of being the older, in point of service to-day. Just about 60 have passed since I was here?"

"Rolled in!"

"Ha! Ha! That's it," laughed the S.M.

"Very interesting," viewer's comment.

Your conversion into a readable, don't you take place?"

"Through reading was sent to me by the United States."

"Have got hold of the I to a chum when I was in."

"And a few days opened fire in this that they had for their penitential form."

there, a voice within you became a Salvation."

He then firmly believed that into the Army, and then I have never w-

VISITOR FROM THE WEST.

Sergeant-Major Peacock Talks to a War Cry Man.

A War Cry man, a few days ago, had a little chat with Sergeant-Major Peacock of Regina. The Sergeant-Major was at T. H. Q. for a short time prior to his departure for the West Land, where he will assist in the work of selecting and advising immigrants who will be conducted to the Dominion during the next season.

"Well, what do you want from me?" the S.M. looked down from his great height, he is considerably over six feet, took the War Cry man's hand in his own—so his, brown, and sunny—and gave it a squeeze like the grip of a henchman.

"How's Regina?"

"Fine."

"The Corps I mean."

"Yep, doing fine. Got a Band coming on now."

"Good! What's it like?"

"Well, there's about nine or ten players under Bandmaster Reynolds who came out from the Old Country short time ago. We've got several learners, too, and when they're added to the existing Band, we should have a nice little combination."

"The city itself. Is it growing?"

"Well, I guess it is. Why, the Comm. spent over \$2,000,000 on improvements during last year. And now we've got the Parliament Buildings for the Province of Saskatchewan in our city, and they're pretty well finished, too. Of course, the Army's keeping abreast of the city, extending and improving, and—expecting a new Hall very soon! Looks as if we're going some, eh?"

The "Cry" man admitted that it was, and then asked the Sergeant-Major how long he had held that position in The Army.

"Well, it's somewhere around the quarter of a century mark, but you'll know pretty well how long when I tell you that I was the first Sergeant-Major of one of the first Corps opened in Canada."

"Then you must have been enrolled very early in the days of the Army here?"

"Enrolled!" echoed the S.M. "There wasn't such a thing as an enrollment in my young days. We were simply handed a little card on which a few regulations were printed and then we were full-fledged soldiers. And as far as I myself know, and by what I am told I have the distinction of being the oldest Canadian soldier in point of service, in Canada to-day. Just about twenty-nine years have passed since I was—"

"Rolled in!"

"Ha! Ha! That's about the size of it," laughed the S.M.

"Very interesting," was the interviewer's comment. "Something about your conversion might be quite as readable, don't you think? How did it take place?"

"Through reading a War Cry that was sent to me by some friends in the United States. Those people have got hold of the right thing," said I to a chum when I had finished reading. And a few days after the Army opened fire in this country I proved that they had for I got converted at their point of form. While kneeling there, a voice within me said: 'Will you become a Salvationist,' and I settled it on the spot that I would. I firmly believe that God called me into the Army, and on that conviction I have never wavered. I was, as

"With Thee, my God, is Home."

"Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." (Ezek. xxxvi. 25.)

"And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." (Matt. xix. 29.)



OUR Idols." We think naturally at sight or sound of that word, of the monstrous figures in Hindu temples, and Chinese joss-houses, or of the beautiful forms worshipped by the sensuous Greeks, and it does not occur to us at first that in Gods temples, even in our hearts, may lurk an intruding, dishonouring idol.

It is easy to apply the term idolater to people in Africa, or the Fiji Islands, or even to our Romanist neighbours, but God spoke of idols through Ezekiel to His people in all countries and all centuries. He speaks of them now, to any of us who are trying to narrow down the meaning of the word in our little minds, till we make room for self and sin in the very place which He has set apart for Himself alone.

The commandment against idols is "exceeding broad." It reaches from earth to Heaven and covers not only the work of our hands, but the speech of our lips, the very feelings and thoughts which God Himself has given us. An idol is not only, as the Greek means, "something which can be seen;" but the imagination, the hope, the indulged wish which comes before God's will in our hearts, is also an idol.

"It is natural to wish to please our friends," pleads self. Yes, but grace makes you care more to please God. It is natural to wish the first place for oneself, to be considered of importance, to be deferred to, and looked

after, but grace helps one to walk "in honour preferring one another," and to "esteem others better than oneself."

Can anything be more pure and gracious than the home feeling in man or woman? But even this God-given instinct may be put before some higher call of the Giver.

Jesus had a home, a tender mother, and a just, considerate father. But He left them, to wander homeless through Judea and gather in souls. And if He calls us to follow Him on that path, the sweet home instinct that keeps us back turns, in that hour of decision, to an idol.

Said a consecrated mother to me: "I used to be proud of my daughter's beauty and talents, and meant her to use them for making a higher mark in the social world than I had done—and I thought she might as well be buried as to become a missionary. But to-day, I'm glad because I have something so precious to give Him; I want Him to have my costliest and best, and He has her." So can our idols become our offerings.

God will not dwell in the temple with Dagon; by His own laws He cannot. We do not always find our idols shattered at the threshold on some awful morning, as did the simple Aahdod people, but if we do not ourselves put down our gods before Him in our heart-temples, sooner or later His glorious presence will be withdrawn—From "What Hinders You?"

I said at Lippincott Street the other night, 'born in the fire and never could live in the smoke!'

"I believe, Sergeant-Major, that you have something to do with the 'I' work in Regina?"

"Yes; in fact, I have charge of it. You want to know something about it, I suppose? Well, we—the Prison visitation brigade and myself—visit the Provincial Jail every second Sunday and the R.N.W.M.P. Guardroom every Sunday. We are allowed great freedom in all our meetings, which not the prisoners alone appreciate. The Warden and the guards are the essence of kindness and consideration, and hail with delight the coming of the Army."

"Then the prison work has met with success?"

"Most decidedly."

"Have you had many conversions?"

"Oh yes; lots of them; really good cases, too. Here is an instance."

"A man was brought to the jail to await sentence for the murder of no fewer than five persons. At the request of the Warden—the Government authorities as well—I was appointed as his spiritual adviser. Well, say, he was the hardest case I ever dealt with. But I made special visits and special prayer on his behalf, and one day had the joy of kneeling with him in his cell and pointing him to Jesus."

"Got soundly converted, did he?"

"Yes, indeed. The Warden said to me afterwards: 'If ever a man truly

repented of his sin, that man has.'

"On the morning of the day of his execution—he was found guilty of the murders—he said to me: 'It's all right, Sergeant-Major. The past has been forgiven; I'm trusting in Jesus.'

"How'll that story do you? Good-bye!" The "Canadian farmer," as the Sergeant-Major likes to be called, vanished.

Captain Rickard has been appointed to assist Staff-Captain Sims of our Salvage Department, Toronto. Captain Nancarrow having been appointed to the Hamilton Metropole to assist Adj. Cummins.

We sympathize with Staff-Captain Jost, who has recently been bereaved of her mother. The Staff-Captain called at T. H. Q. a few days ago on her way from her late mother's home in Boston to the Calgary Rescue Home, of which she has charge.

Adjutant and Mrs. McElheney, of Winnipeg I. are on furlough in Toronto. Salvationists of the Queen City generally—those at Rivardale and the Temple especially—are glad to see the faces of two much-loved Officers once more.

The Adjutants also called upon the Editor and told of recent warfare in a temperature of something like 42 below zero! "You have to 'go' out there," said the Adjutant. "The weather puts the 'go' in you."

STAFF BAND AT UXBRIDGE.

The Third Visit — Crowd-Drawing Extraordinary.

"You bet I am; I'll hear them if I never hear anybody else."

The speaker was a man who stood at the Main street corner in Uxbridge town, and he thus replied to his chum who had asked him if he intended to hear the Staff Band, which, while the two men were talking, came marching up from the station. The Band had evidently been preceded by its fame—as on the occasions of the two previous visits. It certainly speaks well for Uxbridge, when one remembers that it is the first place to be visited three times by the Staff Band. Several of the Bandsmen, also the Bandmaster, Brigadier Morris, have memories of early Army warfare in the town.

Captain Mitchell, his Lieutenant, and the sister Soldiers had prepared a splendid supper for the Bandsmen. Of this they hastily partook, and then rushed off to the Music Hall, where was given the musical festival, presided over by the Rev. A. Bedford. In his opening remarks, he said, "We cannot help but say, 'Thank God for the Salvation Army.' At the close of 'All Nations' selection, which ends with 'God save the King,' the chairman told a humorous story of a gentleman who once occupied that position, and at the conclusion of a musical programme given by a town band, was asked to announce that 'God save the King' would be rendered. The band played and stopped. The chairman turned to the conductor and enquired when the National Anthem was coming on. 'Why we've just played it,' was the answer. 'Oh, have you?' returned the chairman. 'I didn't recognize it!'

The Rev. Mr. Bedford was glad that he had no such comment to make on the Staff Band, and the audience agreed audibly.

The Consecration Service on Sunday morning was led by Captain Hale. After an Open-Air Service on the Main street—the Band was able to hold three such meetings despite the fact that January in Canada is notorious as a "freezer"—Brigadier Morris led the Holiness meeting. Major Findlay spoke very forcefully from the exhortation of Paul: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." Captain Dodd gave a brief address.

The Music Hall holding eight hundred persons, was full when the afternoon service of praise commenced. His Worship, Mayor Beal, presided. He spoke well of the Army work in general, but made some very flattering remarks on the Band, which was, to his mind, "a most wonderful organization." During the afternoon Brigadier Morris solicited the sympathy and support of the people in behalf of Captain Mitchell, the local C. O., who is endeavouring to form a Band in connection with the Corps.

At night the Hall was again filled. Brigadier Morris led the meeting; in which the Band played with great feeling "Consolation" and "The Saviour at the Door." Amid tense silence, the Choir sang "Will You Let the Saviour In" and "Where Is My Wandering Boy." Ensign Sillit, in a short address, made a stirring appeal to the young people in the audience for surrenders, which Brigadier Morris took up in his address on true

(Continue on Page Eleven.)

PERSONALITIES.

The Chief Secretary and Colonel Bates recently had a very interesting talk with Dr. Wilbur Chapman at the Massey Hall. The Doctor is a world-wide traveller, and has had the opportunity of seeing The Army in many lands and from divergent points of view, so that his impressions of the movement will naturally be of great interest to Salvationists. Looking at the Christian organizations as a whole and their relationship to the unsaved, Dr. Chapman considers that The Army has the greatest opportunities and possibilities of them all, and that as the result of universal and close observation he is of the opinion that The Army has still to see its best days. He has no apprehensions whatever of its future. He referred in warm and high terms to the Army's leaders that he has met: Commander Booth in America, Commissioner McKee in Australia, Commissioner Estlin in Chicago, Col. Hoggard in Korea, and others. He was also very outspoken in his expressions of admiration for The General and the Chief of the Staff.

Dr. Chapman is not reticent concerning his high appreciation of The Army and its work, and embraces every opportunity of bearing testimony to its worth, and in that connection the Doctor will be present at the welcome meeting of Commissioner and Mrs. Rees at the Temple on January 19th, and is arranging for a Salvation Army night at the Massey Hall, on Thursday, January 26. The city Corps will rally up in great style. We have no doubt, at this familiar battle ground.

Adjutant and Mrs. Bristow are faring well from St. Johns I., Nfld. Their new appointment has not yet been decided.

Adjutant and Mrs. Habbirk have been appointed to succeed Adjutant and Mrs. Bristow at No. 1.

Mrs. Colonel Turner is accompanying the T. Y. P. Band to Earlscourt on Sunday, Jan. 15th, and on Monday will preside at a musical festival to be given there by the Band.

Captain Martin, who for seven months has been engaged in financial work in the North-West and Pacific Provinces, is, at the time of going to press, on his way to Toronto. His new sphere of labour for the Subscribers' Department will be the Province of Ontario.

Adjutant Coy. of the Subscribers' Department, is at present in Peterboro where he is doing financial work.

Congratulations to the comrades who have recently been promoted to higher rank and whose names appear in the Gazette this week.

At the request of Mr. and Mrs. Asher, the evangelists, assisting Dr. Wilbur Chapman, now in Toronto, Staff-Captain Fraser took a prominent part in a meeting they conducted a few days ago in the Central Prison, Toronto.

Captain Maude Newman has been appointed to assist at the London Rescue Home.

Opening of Dovercourt's New Citadel.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY IN COMM AND—MAYOR GEARY AND SEVERAL ALDERMEN EULOGIZE WORK OF ARMY—CROWDS BEAT ALL EXPECTATIONS—OVERFLOW MEETING—EIGHT SEEK SALVATION.

THE great event towards which all those interested in Salvation Army progress in the neighbourhood of Dovercourt had been looking forward to with great expectations, took place on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 8th, when the new Citadel was opened for public services.

Preceding the opening service a splendid and well-attended Holiness Meeting was held in the old hall, conducted by the Chief Secretary. The principal speaker was Col. Bates, who in a very interesting and instructive address based on Paul's words "Pressing towards the mark," gave a splendid exposition of "Our high-calling in God."

In spite of a steady drizzling rain, the people flocked to the hall in hundreds and long before the service commenced every seat was taken.

Referring to what Salvationists had endured in carrying on their aggressive warfare, he said that he knew of a place where an attempt had been made to drive them away by blowing up the front of their hall with gunpowder. The work of the Army was still going on in that town, however. "We talk of the bravery of soldiers in the battlefield," he said, "but to fight as the Salvation Army fight and to stick to it, in spite of opposition and ridicule—that is the grandest courage."

He next mentioned the fact that he had first seen The General in 1892, when he had the pleasure of interviewing him for the press. When face to face with that grand old man he felt as if he were in the presence of some Old Testament prophet.

The Controller then formally declared the building open for public worship, and called on Colonel Bates



The Dovercourt Citadel (front elevation).

to offer the dedicatory prayer.

The Colonel prayed that the new Citadel might be the place where the glory of God should come down, where Pentecostal times should be experienced, and where sinners should be saved.

Mayor Geary now made his appearance, and was greeted with great enthusiasm. He explained that he had been detained by an unexpected visit, and went on to express his pleasure at being asked to preside at such a gathering. He was the bearer of a message of good will from the Hon. Thomas Crawford, who was unavoidably prevented from being present that afternoon.

Reserving any further remarks, the Mayor then called on the Dovercourt Songsters to render a selection, and after they had done so he commented favourably on their excellent singing.

Colonel Mapp then gave an instructive and inspiring address, dealing with the work of the Army from a religious, temperance, social, and missionary standpoint. He also took the opportunity of congratulating all those who had a share in the erection of the present fine building—mentioning Adjutants Mercer and Habbirk, former Officers, Messrs. Roberts and Ledrow, the contractors, who had carefully watched the Army in-

terests; Sergt.-Major Mowatt, who had undertaken to dig the foundation; Brother Walker, who had done the painting and glazing free of charge as his contribution to the building fund; the present Officers, Adj. Martin and Captain Golden; and the local Officers and Soldiery who were so loyally upholding their hands.

An appeal was then made by the Mayor for a good offering, and Lt.-Col. Turner came forward to read out the financial statement. From this the people learned that the cost of the land and building was 10,754, and the cost of seats and interior fittings \$806. The Corps had already raised \$2,624 of this amount, and Headquarters had contributed \$1,564. The soldiers had further undertaken to provide the amount needed for interior fittings, thus leaving a balance of \$6,566 to clear off.

The Colonel, who believes in asking largely, invited the people present to drop that amount in the collection plates that afternoon, and then got the Band to play. In order, as he said, to take away the pain of parting with so much money at the commencement of the New Year. But though there was a merry jingle of silver coins on the plates, we do not think the collection ran into four figures.

The financial business disposed of, the Mayor made a short speech, saying that he had nothing but praise for the work of the Army. The police court work especially came in for a share of his praise. He further said that The Salvation Army, in his opinion, adopted business methods in doing its work. Instead of sitting in their Halls and waiting for the people to come to them, Salvationists went out on the streets and attracted the attention of the crowd. He well remembered the day when the Army first came to his little town. It was then received with jibes and sneers, and the best the people would give it was an amused tolerance. But now the Army was respected in that town, and was doing a good work. As regards the Army in Toronto, he thought they had been too modest in their demands for municipal help, and would see to it that in future they were provided with that share of the public money that the extent of their work warranted. He furthermore expressed his entire sympathy with the aims and objects of the Army, and hoped that it would continue to progress. In conclusion he thanked Col. Mapp for the kind wishes he had expressed on behalf of the Army towards the City Council, and said it was an encouragement to them to feel that they had the sympathy of Salvationists in their work for the city.

Dr. Conboy, of the Board of Education, then spoke, saying that he was a supporter of and sympathizer with the Army, which he thought was doing a great work in fitting people for good citizenship.

Alderman Dunn also spoke in a similar strain, mentioning the fact that he knew of several men whom the Army had saved from drunkenness; and who were now considerable property owners in the city.

Alderman Graham said that the address of Colonel Mapp that afternoon had left him something to think about. He was glad that one more onward step had been taken in the erection of the new Citadel, and hoped the Army would march forward till the world was won for Christ. As regards helping the work with mun-

(Continued on Page Eleven)

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

"Roll on the Gospel Chariot, till every sinner is saved."

What are you doing towards it?

NAVAL COMRADES FAREWELL.

Stepped out During Singing of Doxology.

Halifax II.—We are under the leadership of Captain and Mrs. Galway. The meetings all day Sunday, Dec. 18th, were led by Major and Mrs. McLean, assisted by Captain Clayton, whose singing was much enjoyed. Ensign and Mrs. Weir were present at night, when two comrades, Bros. Goodenough and Peek, of H.M.S. "Cornwall," farewelled after a stay of five weeks. Their singing and speaking, which was a blessing to all, will be greatly missed. At the close of the meeting one soul surrendered.

Our united meeting on Monday night was well attended. During the evening solos were given by Candidate Smyth, of Halifax II.; Envoy Baylis and Captain Fullerton of Dartmouth.

The watch-night service was a blessing to all, the soldiers consecrated themselves afresh to God, and three held up their hand for prayer.

On Sunday (New-year's Day), one soul came forward for sanctification in the morning meeting and at night one came for salvation just as we were singing the Doxology. Secretary Brown has left us for a few weeks.—Peter.

CHRISTMAS DEMONSTRATION AT VANCOUVER II.

Lieut. Gibb Farewells.

Our annual Christmas demonstration was held at Vancouver No. II. on Saturday night, Dec. 24th, conducted by Major and Mrs. Morris. The hall was beautifully decorated by the Officers and soldiers of the Corps, and a very interesting programme was gone through. We were favoured by a few selections from our Band under the leadership of Bandmaster Bowen. Captain Douglas, who is in charge of the Corps at present, is doing a splendid work. We are sorry to say that Lieutenant Gibb has had to farewell on account of indifferent health. On Sunday night, when she said farewell, one soul said farewell to sin.—A Comrade.

CAROLLING IN LETHBRIDGE.

Lethbridge.—Close upon twenty comrades of the Corps went out carolling on Christmas Eve. The singers started from the Hall at 11.30 p.m. and until 3.30 a.m. on Christmas morning were on the move. Mr. J. D. Higginbotham and Chief of Police and Mrs. Gillespie gave them refreshments during the night. Nearly \$50 was contributed to the funds. The singing concluded at the home of Bro. and Sister Joyce, Seventh street south, where justice was done to an early breakfast.

The Young People's secretary, H. Dawson, spoke a few words of thanks to the comrades and friends who went carolling on behalf of the Sunday school. Nearly 20 was realized by this brigade.

MORE STIRRING NEWS FROM HESPELER

Pentecostal Blessings—Many Souls Saved.

Hesperer.—The watch night services were well attended, the hall being packed for the two meetings. One soul sought God at 12.30 midnight, when we marched the streets singing "We'll Fight, We'll Fight the Battle Through." The townspeople cheered us and clapped their hands.

On New Year's Day ten souls came to the mercy-seat for cleansing and salvation. Our Band played in the streets on the Monday with the result that a supply of coal for the winter has been procured through this effort. At our soldiers' meeting on Tuesday, Jan. 3rd, three souls sought the blessing of a clean heart. On Sunday, Jan. 8th, in our Holiness meeting, a brother who was a slave to the tobacco Devil, rushed to the mercy-seat, followed immediately afterwards by another brother, one of our recent converts who had been forced to drink whiskey. Both men got complete victory. In the night meeting Adjutant White of the United States Field, took the lesson. Three souls sought pardon. Dismissing those who had no desire to get right with God, Captain Hunt rallied the soldiers round the mercy-seat, and what a time we had. Dancing, shouting, crying, and praying—it was a regular Pentecostal time. It was grand to see recent converts pouring out their hearts to God in prayer. We are having an enrollment in the near future.—E. Hunt, Captain.

SALVATION INSTEAD OF SUICIDE

Blenheim.—On New Year's Day the meetings were led by Handsman Croucher of Chatham. We had eight open-air for the week-end, conducted in different parts of the town. On Sunday morning a man who was on his way to the lake to end his life came to our meeting instead, and got converted. He told us that God had spoken to him as he was about to commit the terrible deed.

We are looking forward to a visit from Lieut.-Col. Chandler and the Chatham Band.—G. Taylor, Captain.

Christmas Sunday at Colingwood will be remembered for a long time to come. Five souls sought salvation. We had an old-time march around the Citadel. During the week the Band serenaded portions of the town and met with good success. On New Year's Sunday two more souls were saved.—W. Clark.

Salt Pond.—At our watch-night service three sisters found salvation.

On Sunday night a brother came to the mercy-seat.

A number of the comrades are going away for the winter season.

Captain Stickland is leading on—Sister Mrs. R. Rowsell.

LIEUT. COLONEL AND MRS. CHANDLER

At London I.

London -I. Corps.—The week-end meetings were conducted by Colonel and Mrs. Chandler, assisted by Envoy Ward. The watch-night service was largely attended. As the old year went out, and the new year came in each comrade made a new consecration with God.

Sunday the Colonel was at his best. The 11 o'clock service was one of blessing and inspiration. One man gave himself to God. In the afternoon meeting Envoy Ward gave us a solo with some life and snap in it. A few testimonies from some of the old comrades followed, and then the Colonel commissioned the local officers for the year of 1911. Mrs. Chandler soloed "Hark, Hear the Saviour knocking."

For the evening meeting the Citadel was filled. Envoy Ward told of the change that God wrought in his heart 27 years ago. Mrs. Chandler soloed "I Have Pleasure in His Service." The Colonel took for his subject "The Life of Samson."—Envoy Falle.

ARMY'S MARCH SURPRISES THE TOWN

Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove's Recent Successes.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.—The meetings on Christmas Day were attended by large crowds, in spite of stormy weather. The afternoon service was conducted by Bro. John Merklson. At night Ensign Hargrove took for his subject "The Word in the Witness Box." His address was a masterpiece of logical reasoning and oratory, and was without doubt one of the ablest addresses ever heard from the Army platform. During the Christmas week more than one hundred poor persons were assisted through the efforts of the Ensign and his staff of workers.

Since Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove have been here, over thirty souls have been saved.

During the past week twelve souls have been captured, and their smiling faces are an inspiration to us all. Our Sunday night is the talk of the town. We mustered nearly forty on the last occasion, and the march was headed by the baby band.

On Monday night (Jan. 2nd) our Juniors repeated the Christmas demonstration. It was a credit to all concerned.—A. P. and Gregory Hunt.

GOOD OPEN-AIR WORK.

Niagara Falls, Ont.—The last week-end was a season of special blessing. Captain Nicholls led us on. On Saturday night we held the usual three open-air and those who stood in the ring felt that it was good for them to be there. On Sunday afternoon we held two open-air, and although they were held in the rain, the attendance was very good and getting wet did not dampen our spirits in the least. Corps-Cadet Nutting rendered us good service through the day by giving several vocal solos.

On Sunday, Jan. 1st, we were favoured with a visit from an old warrior of St. Catharines Corps—Envoy Ash. He led our meetings, which resulted in the public surrender of one soul.—W. E. D.

ONCE SOLDIERS—NOW OFFICERS

Visitors at Riverdale—Converts.

Riverdale.—On Friday, about 10 poor children were given a treat in the Junior Hall. Sister Bloss presided over the arrangements which were quite complete and a credit to Adjutant Burton and his workers.

On Sunday, Jan. 1st, the A.M. at the Holiness meeting, in which Captain Nichols and Dodd, and Lieut. Torrance took part. The latter, stationed at Niagara Falls, was with his wife, a Soldier at Riverdale previous to entering the Training College. Lieut. Torrance was the Secretary of the Corps for some years, and up till about a year ago when he became an Officer.

Staff-Captain White led the afternoon and night meetings. Lieut. Gibb, of Vancouver, formerly at Riverdale Corps, spoke. By strange coincidence she was called to the platform by the very Officer (Staff-Captain White) who led the meeting which she got converted.

Mrs. Staff-Captain White gave the Bible lesson.

On Monday morning, January 2nd, the Band played to the men in the Don Jail.

THE LATEST FROM SARNIA

Sarnia.—We have welcomed Lieut. Treasurer, who will be of great assistance to our Corps. We have welcomed back Ensign Rayon, who has been under the weather for a time. For the Christmas celebration we had Major Smeco and two of his assistants. Their company we much enjoyed; also the Major's talks.

On Wednesday, Dec. 27th, we had the Junior Christmas demonstration, one of our best-known residents, Proctor, Esq., taking the chair. After a lengthy programme, Santa Claus rode his white horse into the meeting to distribute the presents. On Christmas week-end Captain K. Dobson, who has worked in our midst for three months, farewelled.

On December 31st, at the 8 o'clock meeting, one soul came forward, and at the midnight meeting one young man came for cleansing and one for full consecration. We had splendid week-end meetings.

THAT CHRISTMAS WAR CRY

A Letter From Adjutant Knight.

I feel I must send you a line to the Christmas Cry (says Adjutant Knight of Petrolia). Everybody was highly pleased with it. One of the doctors told me that he had seen a good many Christmas numbers, but this excelled them all. We found that they sold readily; we were sold out before the week-end. One of our soldiers, Deputy-Bandmaster Hines, sold over fifty in the wagon work. Sister Mrs. Bryson and Sister Mrs. Blackwell met with great success in the country towns, selling nearly three hundred between them. We have some hustlers in Petrolia.

Moore Jaw.—One soul sought salvation during the afternoon of the first Sunday of the New Year. One came forward at night. Ensign Shepherd and Captain McLean are our Officers.—H. H.

Captain Adams Stride.

DOVERCOURT

(Continued)

Principal funds, the Mayor, for money given to used to the ver Alderman M member of the called on to ap ing his sympath stated that hi ways be on the cial progress.

A vote of the presiding was Chief Secretary plied by hearty ping of hands. ed for another Corps. The De er by Brigadier ful meeting ca

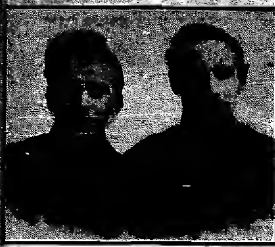
THE NIGHT

At night an that of the af seating accom del. Th's hel flow meeting ranged for, le in the Cit led a song a utes. Then Br Scriptures, A followed, in t related severa ble interest t observation d travels. One Salvation sol meeting when wretched look bridge. He' he had stolen brother, Jesu a better suit serve him," tionists. Th ing suicide, h tentation and got converted him out in which was te in this attire the open-air Editor of a

After such vation, the s Gave Me Joy seemed very The Chet Departing fr delivering a spoke to the of holiness, sider their p God as in buildings, signs of adv

In the p knelt at the boy of thirt a sinner, as the Chie the grand forward for

January 21, 1917



Captain Adams (on right), and Lieut. Stride, of Fernie, B.C.

DOVERCOURT'S NEW CITADEL.

(Continued From Page Nine.)

Principal funds, he heartily agreed with the Mayor, for he knew that all the money given to the Army would be used to the very best advantage.

Alderman McBrien, the youngest member of the City Council, was then called on to speak, and after expressing his sympathy with the Army he stated that his influence would always be on the side of moral and social progress.

A vote of thanks to the Mayor for presiding was then moved by the Chief Secretary, and the audience replied by hearty and spontaneous clapping of hands. The Mayor then called for another clap for Dovercourt Corps. The Doxology, a closing prayer by Brigadier Bond, and the eventual meeting came to a conclusion.

THE NIGHT MEETING.

At night an even larger crowd than that of the afternoon attempted to find seating accommodation in the Citadel. This being impossible, an overflow meeting in the old Hall was arranged for, led by Lieut.-Col. Turner.

In the Citadel Lieut.-Col. Pugmire led a song service for fifteen minutes. Then Brigadier Potter read the Scriptures. A talk from Colonel Bates followed, in the course of which he related several incidents of remarkable interest that had come under his observation during the course of his travels. One was as follows: Two Salvation soldiers were going to a meeting when they caught sight of a wretched-looking man standing on a bridge. He was clad in a coat that he had stolen off a scarecrow. "My brother, Jesus Christ, will give you a better suit than that if you will serve Him," said one of the Salvationists. The man was contemplating suicide, but he abandoned his intention and went to the meeting. He got converted, and the Captain rigged him out in one of his own suits, which was far too small for him. In this attire he gave his testimony in the open-air. That man is now an Editor of a paper.

After such a striking incident of salvation, the solo of Col. Pugmire "He Gave Me Joy Where Once Was Woe," seemed very appropriate.

The Chief Secretary then spoke. Departing from the usual custom of delivering a salvation address, he spoke to the people on the necessity of holiness, and urged them to consider their personal relationship with God as of more importance than fine buildings, large crowds, and all other signs of advancement.

In the prayer meeting six souls knelt at the mercy seat. One was a boy of thirteen, "not too young to be a sinner, and not too old to be saved," as the Chief Secretary remarked. In the overflow meeting two ladies came forward for salvation.

MAJOR AND MRS. MORRIS AT VICTORIA.

A Full Week-end Crowned with Success.

Victoria, as a city, continues to make wonderful progress in every way, and so does the Salvation Army under the able leadership of Staff-Captain Hayes and Captain Knudson. The Band, the young people, the local officers and soldiers are all on the upgrade. "See our numbers; how they swell!"

A big programme had been mapped out for the P. C. and Mrs. Morris, who arrived on Saturday afternoon (Dec. 31) and remained in Victoria until Tuesday. Saturday night, amidst the din created by crowds of New Year's celebrants, a rousing open-air was conducted. The sweet strains of the Band collected a large crowd; inside likewise; result two souls for salvation.

The watch-night service was extremely well attended. More souls. General consecration at finish.

At 9.30 on Sunday (New Year's Day) the Band accompanied Major Morris to the prison and rendered excellent service. Major Muller, the Warden, and other officials were kindness itself to us. Within prison walls and in sight of cells salvation music rolled out under the baton of Bandmaster Coggan. The Major spoke on "The Open Door." Six men desired to be saved. As we went out of the prison several sobbed and asked us to pray for them.

A Holiness Meeting at the Citadel followed. Splendid audience. We had the assistance of Prof. Hawley in this meeting and at other services during the day. Major Morris spoke upon the topic "Following Jesus After Off." Three more souls sought the blessing of Holiness. There was a monster open-air at 2.30 p.m. Major Morris visited the young people and found them making excellent progress. The accommodation is insufficient for the large attendance of children. The Sergeant-Major has his work well in hand. The Senior meeting was spontaneous and inspiring. A poor drunkard knelt at the mercy seat.

For the open-air at night the forces were divided. Each brigade commanded the attention of a good crowd. Inside the Citadel was filled, including extra space provided by throwing up door-partitions. The Band excelled itself. Songsters, likewise Mrs. Morris' solo, accompanied on piano by Prof. Hawley, went with a twang. The latter also sang by request verses of his original song, "Shall You, Shall I," while the audience sang heartily the refrain. Afterward Bro. Hawley gave us a good salvation talk. The Major's lesson was timely. Bandsman Vaughan farewelled.

On Monday a soldiers' tea in the afternoon followed by a musical service at night brought a very full and successful series of meetings to a close.

We are glad to hear that Sister Mrs. Dickson, a veteran Salvationist, late of Woodstock, Ont., who was taken seriously ill a short time ago, and to whose bedside her daughter, Mrs. Major Creighton, was summoned, is now recovering nicely.

Captain Beck, who has just been promoted to that rank, has been appointed to take charge of Norland, Ont.

THE N. W. CHANCELLOR AT PORT ARTHUR.

A Busy and Successful Week-End.

Port Arthur, Ont.—Our week-end meetings were led by Staff-Captain Arnold, whose presence and words were a source of inspiration to one and all. We started in at knee drill round the box stove, and the earnest faith and encouraging talk of the Staff-Captain raised hopes for a day of real victory. In the jail the Staff-Captain's singing and violin playing cheered the prisoners, and his remarks must have roused within their hearts a desire for a better life in the future. Our latest convert in the jail gave a stirring testimony to God's keeping power even in those unlikely surroundings. With the thermometer below the zero mark few people listened to our open-air, yet we noted the presence in our meetings of those who had watched us from behind the hotel windows. Right at the start of the afternoon meeting one man volunteered for salvation. The Staff-Captain never seemed to tire, but sang and played till everyone was in the best of spirits. In the night meeting, after a rousing appeal and a well-fought prayer meeting two men volunteered for salvation. A march round the hall and a Hallelujah wind-up brought a good day to a close.—J. Robertson, Corps Correspondent.

A GREAT TURNING TO GOD.

Kingston.—At our last Soldiers' Meeting, three comrades wept their way to the mercy-seat, and at the Band meeting on Thursday night, three more comrades made reconsecrations. On Friday night, all the Nonconformist ministers of the city finished a week's revival meetings by conducting a meeting at the Citadel. Three souls were saved. On Sunday morning the Rev. Mr. Boyd, of Zion Presbyterian Church conducted the meeting. Two bandsmen gave themselves afresh to God.

In the afternoon a young man sought salvation. At night, soon after the meeting started, a young student came out to the front. We went into a prayer meeting right away, and two more souls came forward, making twelve for the week.—Sunny Jim, for Captain Turner.

REALIZING THEIR AMBITIONS

In the Ambitious City.

Splendid meetings at Hamilton 1. on Sunday, Jan. 1st. In the Holiness meeting two comrades came forward for holiness. In the afternoon an unusually large crowd was present. At night we had another good crowd in spite of the rain. Four souls sought salvation. The comrades gave a hearty welcome to Bandsman Dunn from Orillia. The attendance at the Junior meetings has been increasing. The collections have been nearly doubled. The Band worked hard at Christmas, and wiped all previous records in finances off the slate.—Onlooker.

CORRECTION.

In "The War Cry" of December 31 a photograph of a Boys' Home in Vancouver was reproduced. The name appeared as "The Home of Detention for Boys." This should have read "The Provincial Industrial Home for Boys." We regret the error.



F. L. Fowke, Esq., M.P., Who opened the new Citadel at Oshawa.

STAFF BAND AT UXBRIDGE.

(Continued From Page Seven.)

righteousness. Major Findlay led the prayer meeting.

That the efforts of the Band to reach the people were successful can well be judged by the fact that the total attendance reached over 2,000 persons. The population of the town is only about sixteen hundred. People who had not attended religious services of any kind for years heard the Gospel message in music and song at the Band's meetings on Sunday. The Army Band has not yet lost its attraction for the sinner.

On the way back to Toronto early on Monday morning the train, with the Bands private car attached, encountered a real Canadian blizzard. The train was stalled several times on account of huge snow-drifts, and the inability of the train (which, by the way, is known as "the flyer," a misnomer in the opinion of Major Findlay, late of I. H. Q.), to keep up steam in the icy blasts. Accordingly the Bandsmen arrived at T. H. Q. over two hours late, but safe and sound, and happy nevertheless.

Major David Creighton, of T. H. Q., is attending a family reunion at the home (in Sussex, N.B.), of his parents who are just now celebrating their golden wedding. The family is almost entirely composed of Salvationists.

With profound regret we have to announce that at half-past ten on Tuesday morning, the wife of Adj. M. Newman (late of the U. S. A. and formerly of the Canadian Field), was promoted to Glory. Pneumonia was the cause of her death. The Field Secretary, Colonel Gaskin, conducted the funeral service on Thursday, Jan. 12th. Comrades will remember the Adjutant in their prayers.

We regret to learn that Sister Mrs. Sparks (formerly Captain Andrews) is quite ill. Our earnest desire and prayer is that she may have a speedy recovery.

Captain and Mrs. Riches, of Wingham, write to say that their little seven months' old girl is lying between life and death in the hospital. The little one underwent an operation on Saturday, and at the moment the doctors have little hope of saving her life. Pray for the Captain, his wife, and their baby.

January 21, 1917

10-11-12

IS—NOW OFFICER.

Riverdale—Recent converts.

Friday, about 10 were given a list of 100 Hall, Staff-Captain over the arrangements for the complete set of 100 ant Burton and in

an. 1st, the Ark, in which, in which (and Dodd, and Lieut. The former, Niagara Falls, was, with her at Riverdale, being the Training of France was the first for some years, and ear ago when she is

er. We'll be led the other meetings. Lieut. former, formerly at the oke. By string, no y called to the pay Officer (Staff-Captain) led the meeting converted.

tain White gave the morning, January 1st, to the men in the

FROM SARNIA.

ave welcomed them will be of great at rps. We have a sign Raven, who is weather for a time as celebration, and two of her to company we much in Major's talks.

Dec. 27th, we had a demonstration known residents, during the chair. After luncheon, Santa Claus came into the meeting presents. On Christmas, Captain K. Deakin, in our midst for the day.

1st, at the 8 o'clock came forward, and meeting one young man, and one woman. We had a splendid

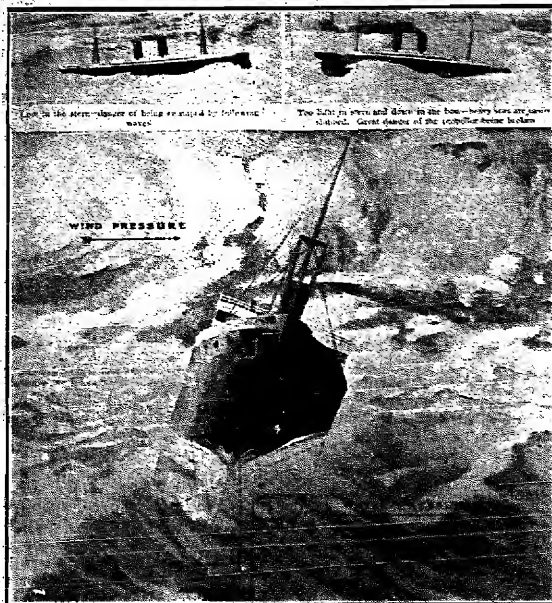
MAS WAR CRY.

Adjutant Knight send you a line to ry (says Adjutant). Everybody was th it. One of the that he had seen a tmas numbers, but n all. We found idly; we were all eked. One of our Bandmaster Hildes, the wagon was i and Sister Mrs. H. th great success in is, selling many wren them. We ra in Petrolia.

he soul sought and afternoon of the ie New Year, and ard at night, and Captain Melan ra.—H. H.

Concerning the Rolling of Ships

AND THEIR BUOYANCY.



How Vessels may Lose their Buoyancy.

THE first consideration in the construction of any ship is that it should float on the water. When a body floats it displaces a quantity of water equal in weight to its own weight, but the volume of water displaced will be less than the bulk of the object. If the volume of water displaced is small compared with the bulk of the object very little of the object will be immersed, consequently it will float high. If by altering the general form so as to increase the size and not the weight the object will have greater buoyancy.

On any floating body two constant and equal forces act—gravity exerting a pull downwards counteracted by buoyancy exerting a pressure upwards.

An object floating freely on the water might roll over and over in any direction. To obviate this in the case of a ship, length has been given which only allows pitching—rise and fall at the two ends of the vessel to a limited extent.

To prevent undue rolling sideways or complete capsizing of a vessel it is necessary that the vessel should have stability. Scientifically, the stability of a ship is the effort which she makes to return to the upright position after being inclined due to her weight acting downward through the centre of gravity and the effort of her buoyancy acting upwards through the centre of buoyancy, which two forces act as a lever.

This stability is one of the greatest problems to the constructor of steamships. Naturally the centre of gravity should be low, and the hull must be of such a form that when the vessel rolls to one side the centre of buoyancy shall move sufficiently far to that same side for the forces of buoyancy acting upwards to right the vessel.

Through mistakes made in the design of vessels, or the bad storage of cargo, ships are liable to many dangers. If light in the stern, the propeller may come out of the water, with the great danger of being broken, and heavy seas would be shipped forward. If too low in the stern when running before a storm breaking waves may fall on board and so continually swamp the vessel.

The case of a ship rolling is very complicated; she may be too heavy—that is, there comes a moment in the roll when the upward force of buoyancy no longer tends to right the ship but instead exerts its force in pushing the ship still further out of the perpendicular, with the result that the vessel capsizes. Again, a vessel may roll too quickly or too slowly. In either case she will strain herself, and if the strain be very bad spring leaks and become quite unseaworthy.

To roll in time with the waves is also a grave fault as a steadily increasing rocking motion is set up, with the result that the vessel may finally turn right over.

A well-built vessel carefully loaded does not point its bow at the sky one moment and then plunge it under the waves but appears to move with the water, and in rolling rolls rather more slowly than the waves themselves.

Famine in China.

According to reports from China, the situation there is very acute. There are, it is stated, between two and three million people for whom enough food must be supplied to carry them over until next June, when the Spring crops are gathered, and the Imperial Government of China finds that it cannot meet the great demands made upon it. For that reason it has been found necessary to seek aid from the Anglo-Saxon nations.

The Chinese Provinces in which the famine has become so acute are An Hui and Kiangsu, where the heavy rains and floods of the past Summer completely destroyed the June and October crops. A few weeks ago, the most serious flood in the memory of man occurred in these Provinces, sweeping away several villages and causing terrible suffering. Immediately afterwards cables were sent to Canada and the United States from the Relief Committee at Shanghai asking for assistance. The work has already been started in the United States, and at the request of the Red Cross Society, Secretary Knox cabled \$5,000 from Washington to help in the supplying of food.

Public meetings are now being organized in Canada to raise funds for the famine sufferers.

"PHRA CHINERAT"

A REMARKABLE STATUE.

Siam, the country of the white elephants, was a short time ago, the scene of a very brilliant event, one of the most interesting that has taken place in the history of the country. King Chulalongkorn, the late King of Siam, while touring in the northern part of his kingdom at the end of last year, visited the ancient town of Pitsanuloke, which contained within its walls a celebrated many-centuries-old figure of Buddha.

The King's Vow.

The King was so filled with enthusiasm by this statue that he made a vow to place a similar figure in the royal temple, "Wat Suan Dusit," in the capital of his kingdom. He sent off some Buddhist priests immediately to Bangkok, ordering them to bring back six old bronze cannon captured during a war with Burma to Pitsanuloke. In the meantime the King so pushed on the work that by the time the cannon arrived the process of casting could be begun. Faithful Buddhists streamed from far and near and threw gold and silver into the glowing mass. Young girls took off their costly jewels and offered them as a sacrifice; whole families would gladly have given their all. In order that the sanctity of the ancient statue should be conveyed to the new, two consecrated silver cords, were fastened to the ears of the old statue, and given into the charge of the highest bonzes, who watched day and night and sang and offered prayers incessantly.

The Casting of the Statue.

During the casting the King himself held the other end of the cord, while from him outpoured the cord in the form of the new-cast figure. At last, amid the endless rejoicings of the people, the casting was finished, and the statue, under the guidance of the King, was conveyed in solemn procession down the river to Bangkok, where the work of art was to be completed. It is said that hundreds of chisels were broken during the work. King Chulalongkorn guided the

face himself and placed in the head an enormous precious stone. Then the whole figure was adorned with Buddha's robes of fiery brilliancy from the sky. At last the great day came when the new Buddha was to be placed in the royal temple, "Wat Suan Dusit."

A Gorgeous Scene.

The scene under a glowing moon was so wonderful, so superb in colour, that it will remain memorable by all who witnessed it. The gorgeous statue of Buddha, carried by an invisible power, majestically on the glittering waves of the broad river Menam, moved by the King, the Queen, and the Court. Numberless Buddha, clad in yellow garments, floated in long fantastic boats, singing the curiously beautiful sounds of the mese musical instruments; the hundreds of little boats filled with the populace, who ended the great fleet.

A Strange Name.

The front of the temple was open to receive the statue of Buddha, whose golden body shined in the sunlight. It was conducted to the temple to the sound of the Siamese national hymn, the playing of gongs, and the singing of bonzes. Suddenly there came a silence, during which the King, with a ringing voice bestowed upon the Buddha the name "Phra Chulalongkorn."

The Territorial Y. P. Band continues to improve under the leadership of Bandmaster (Eugene) Smith. There is ample proof of this in one statement—that the Band has the "Saviour at the Door" selection and "Old Times" march on its programmes. "Welsh Melodies" is now being "worked up."

Some changes in the instrumentation have recently been made. Bandman Collier has taken up solo cornet; Bandman Ives solo horn. Other changes are under consideration. Three learners are doing well with their musical studies.



The Head of "Phra Chinerat," Erected by the late King of Siam. This huge head forms part of a gigantic figure of Buddha recently erected at Bangkok as narrated here.

The Royal Family

We are sure our considerable readers ever this Christmas ed in a special and kindness. Family to The King sent a special to The General, and the very similar gift to Queen.

The Queen and well Booth the a number of Christmas.

Queen Alexandra and sympathy, late King, has The Army for The General, and good \$40. The Princess Duchess of Ardered special classes, with of sympathy

Army Sanitation

A new House was rebourne, Australia "Brightfield" says.

"It is quite existence of save those been candidly any proportion been its inc communities so disastrous existence and the prob be faced by the greatest fact that temperance necessitous of the com under ordi would be ill to elevate. It was to of these that of "B The Army

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

self and placed in the enormous procession. The whole figure was clad with Buddhist robes. The statue of Buddha was to be brought to the temple, "Wat Suan Phra."

Scene.

One under a glass of wine so wonderful, so precious that it will remain in the all who witness it. The statue of Buddha is an invisible power, and on the glittering road river Menam, followed by the Queen, and the numerous Buddhist monks in their golden robes, followed by the beautiful sounds of the musical instruments; the small boats filled with people, who ended the procession.



GIVING OUT THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING AT SALVATION ARMY INSTITUTIONS.

The Royal Family and The Salvation Army.

We are sure it will be a matter of considerable pleasure and interest to our readers everywhere to know that this Christmas season has been marked in a special way by the interest and kindness of our British Royal Family to The Salvation Army. The King sent a special donation of £25 to The General for the Social Work, and the very next post brought a similar gift from her Majesty the Queen.

The Queen also sent to Mrs. Bramwell Booth the means for providing a number of widows with help this Christmas.

Queen Alexandra, whose interest and sympathy, as well as that of the late King, have been extended to The Army for many years, sent to The General, with many kind inquiries and good wishes, a cheque for £50. The Princess Louise and the Duchess of Albany have also rendered special help for particular classes, with many kind expressions of sympathy and goodwill.

Army Sanatorium in Melbourne.

A new Home for Women Inebriates was recently opened in Melbourne, Australia. It has been named "Brightside." The Australian Cry says:

"It is quite lately that the very existence of inebriety among women, save those of the pariah class, has been candidly admitted as an evil of any proportions, but so great has been its increase in English-speaking communities during recent years, and so disastrous its effects, that its existence has had to be recognized and the problem, how to check it, to be faced by the authorities. One of the greatest difficulties lay in the fact that many women addicted to intemperance belonged neither to the necessitous nor the criminal section of the community, and restraint under ordinary prison conditions would be likely to lower rather than to elevate these victims of the disease."

It was to come to the assistance of these mainly that such a Home as that of "Brightside" was established. The Army recognizing the importance

to the community in the interests of future generations that this malignant phase of the drink evil should be combated. The extension of this work, and the securing of these commodious premises was the first Social venture undertaken by Commissioner Hay in this country."

In the treatment of patients more faith is placed by the management in the restoration of those suffering the effects of alcohol to a healthy, normal condition, and then the bringing to bear the influences of human sympathy, and faith in God than in any specific medicines. To this end plenty of fresh air is seen to throughout the Home, and exercise in the open encouraged—croquet, tennis, walks, and other healthy pursuits.

Army Corps within Arctic Circle.

The enterprise and wide extent of the Army's operations have (writes Colonel Bullard) taken its Officers near to even the North Pole, for Corps have been established and are being worked successfully in towns and villages of Northern Sweden and Norway which are within the Arctic Circle.

I have lately been privileged to visit these Corps "farthest north."

During the three months' tour forty-eight Corps were visited, and of these eighteen were within the polar regions.

At some of the Corps numbers of Lapps attend the meetings, and it is very interesting to see them in their brightly coloured and picturesque costumes. A number have been converted and enrolled as soldiers, though owing to the wandering life they lead, following their herds of reindeer from place to place, it is only very infrequently that they are able to attend meetings. One bright lassie who had not attended a meeting for four months previously did so while I was there. She spoke of having been much persecuted by her people on account of her being a Salvationist, but said she was resolved to be true.

Returning the same way by sea, it was arranged that I should get on to the railway at Narvik and return via Sweden. This afforded me an opportunity of visiting a num-

ber of Corps in the extreme north of Sweden including Kiruna and Malmberget, two large mining towns each with a population of 9,000, situated among bare and rocky mountains. We also visited Roneo, a Circle Corps embracing thirty small villages, in which meetings are periodically conducted, and which are regularly visited by the Officers. The arduous toil and continuous tramping which this involves over snow and ice, can be readily imagined. No more devoted Officers are to be found anywhere than these apostles of the Arctic Circle.

The Bolton Pit Disaster.

In connection with the terrible mine disaster near Bolton, England, when 240 men and boys were entombed, Salvation Army Officers were early on the spot to watch with and comfort the bereaved relatives.

Immediately after the disaster the Divisional Commander, Brigadier Zealley, received from The General the following touching message of sympathy:

"Inform the authorities utterly dumbfounded with the tidings of the Bolton disaster. Anything within my ability or the ability of my people which is likely to be of service will be gladly rendered."

"Please give assurances of my deepest sympathy with sufferers, wives, and relatives. I am calling for prayer from every Salvationist that God Himself may come to our help in this terrible agony."

One who was on the spot says it was heart-breaking walking amongst the crowd of bereaved men and women, to see those who had borne up bravely for nearly two days suddenly seek refuge in tears, when the grim truth was forced home to their minds. Words failed to comfort them.

At about eleven o'clock on Thursday morning the Brigadier conducted a short service among the crowd waiting near the pit head. Here The General's message was read, "Rock of Ages" was sung, and as the Brigadier prayed, even strong men sobbed.

The one bright gleam in this otherwise dark sad scene is the generous outflow of sympathy and the way in which rescuers and Salvationists alike are forgetting themselves in the interest of others.

Progress at Hadleigh Farm Colony.

Lieut. Col. Laurie reports that very important advances are being made at the Hadleigh Farm Colony. The erection of a superior Home for the sole use of the advanced grade men is one of the latest improvements.

"The advances in the market-gardening section," continued the Colonel, "have necessitated the taking over, for this purpose, of sufficient extra land to keep forty additional men constantly employed."

"The daily business on the farm has been so successful that considerable extensions have become necessary. One of these is to be a new building which will be erected almost immediately."

"On the industrial side we have commenced—for the first time in the history of the Colony—paper-sorting. The paper is collected in Southend and Leigh, and in this way a number of additional men are provided with employment."

"Then, during the last three weeks we have received on the Colony over 100 men from the Shelters and Elevators of the City Colony. Most of them are now hard at work at road-making or other improvements to the Farm. They are a very promising lot, and any of them are likely to qualify, after, say, twelve months' training in agricultural work, for emigration to Canada."

Social Efforts on the Continent.

That the Social Institutions of the Army on the Continent have much to do with its success, is the opinion of Commissioner Rallton.

"In the cases of France, Germany, Italy, and Belgium," he says, "we have to deal with many millions of people who have no longer any faith in revelation or in our Gospel teaching. But in every case we have marvelously gained confidence by means of the few and small Social Institutions we maintain, where nothing else of the kind seems to have been previously seen."

From Iceland to Milan and Lyons the Army has won, by means of its Shelters, the hearts of masses far out of any proportion to the number of seats available round our social board. The Jews in Berlin, I was assured,

were generally amongst our warmest friends, not that they had any inclination to turn their backs upon their synagogues, but because they felt that we cared for the poor without asking any questions about their religious opinions.

Dutch Farm Colonies.

In Holland we have secured a Farm Colony, which is quite self-supporting, for the Dutch, almost to a man, know how to till the land. The Prince Consort of Holland, who is greatly interested in farming matters, paid a visit to the Farm this year, showed himself very friendly to all our men, and expressed his hearty appreciation of all the arrangements.

The Dutch Government wishes greatly to develop our Social Work there by handing over to us the ex-prisoners and making regular plans for our co-operation in prison-reform and reformatory work. It only remains to be seen how quickly we shall be able to take advantage of the vast opportunities thus opened before us.

South Africa.

Commissioner Richards, who is now in Zululand, has paid a visit to a large estate known as Mountain View Farm, consisting of over seven square miles, which has been purchased for the development of our native work. Mountain View is situated in a position within easy reach of three of the most important tribes of the Zulu nation, and not far from Dinululu's Kraal.

The Cape Town gaol is regularly worked and visited by Staff-Captain Pagett, who is also in charge—with Mrs. Pagett—of the "Vrede Oord" Steam Laundry. Considerable blessing is brought weekly in this way to the prisoners with whom meetings are conducted and interviews held. In the Home for Coloured Women, at "Vrede Oord," there are at the present time four girls from the prison, who have been handed over by the authorities to The Army.

THE GENERAL'S SOCIAL SCHEME

(Continued from page 8.)

The whole hook is indeed such a tribute to the changing, renewing, sustaining, guiding, helping power of God that we could wish it without delay in every preacher's study, in every library, in every Officer's Quarters, that millions of God's people might be aroused to seek to bring about the accomplishment of more such wonders everywhere.

The following description of what Mr. Haggard saw in one of our Provisional Homes is only what might be said of all the rest:

"The Major in charge is a man of great organizing ability, force of character, and abounding human sympathy. Yet he was once one of the melancholy army of waiters. Some seventeen years ago he came into the Army through one of its Shelters, a drunken, out-of-place cabinet-maker, who had been tramping the streets. They gave him work, and he 'got converted.' Now he is the head of the Manchester Social Institutions, engaged in finding work for or converting thousands of others.

Some Strange Characters.

"At first The Army had only one establishment in Manchester, which used to be a cotton-mill. Now it is a

The Miner's Sacrifice.

From the British Cry.

Not all heroes live and die on the battlefield. Around our rock-bound coasts, on board the ships of the mercantile marine, in the deep mines where the coal-getters toil, there are humble and unknown men who have performed deeds of sacrifice and dauntless courage as heroic as any that have earned the Victoria Cross.

Our frontispiece depicts the heroism of a Durham miner whose life was consummated in one grand deed of self-denial.

As a result of an explosion, 24 miners were killed, while many others had narrow escapes and were imprisoned in the wrecked pit for thirty-six hours.

One of the heroes of that disaster was Harry Pace, one of the bravest men who ever carried a safety lamp.

After the fatal explosion the miners who had so far escaped felt the presence of the dreaded fire damp. This insidious vapour is feared by the colliers far more than the ever present danger of unsafe roofs. Some dangers are visible and can be circumvented, but in the fire-damp death lurks unseen and terrible.

In the eager rush to the shaft, when the alarm had been given in Wingate

pit, several colliers found themselves in foul air. As they stumbled along in company they felt the deadly after-damp gripping their throats and paralyzing their senses.

Suddenly one of the men fell, overcome by the poisonous vapour.

It was a moment of terrible crisis. Each man realized that he was in the presence of Death in a dreadful unseen guise. To hesitate even for a moment was to be lost. The situation called for redoubled exertions, on the part of each, if ever again he was to see his loved ones in the village above-ground.

At this moment the disaster produced its hero.

Harry Pace stopped in his headlong race to safety. If he had gone on for a little longer he would have been safe. As a practical miner he knew very well the risk he ran. But here at his feet lay an unconscious workmate. That prostrate man he regarded as a divine revelation of his duty. So he stopped, hoping to be able to carry or assist his comrade into safety.

But alas! death was too close at hand. His act of self-denial cost him his life.



SERG. MAJOR AND MRS. WILLIAMS, ALASKA.

Shelter for 200 men. Then it took others, some of which are owned and some hired, among them a great "Elevator" on the London plan, where waste paper is sorted and sold.

"In these various Shelters and Institutions I saw some strange characters. One had been an electrical engineer, educated under Professor Owen, at Cardiff College. He came into money, and gambled away £13,000 on horse-racing, although he told me that he won as much as £8,000 on one Ascot meeting. His subsequent history is a story in itself, one too long to set out; but the end of it, in his own words, was: 'Four years ago I came here, and, thank God! I am going on all right.'

"Another man, a very pleasant and humorous person, who was once a Church worker, came to grief through sheer love of amusement, such as that which is to be found in music-halls and theatres. His habit was to spend the money of an insurance

company by which he was employed, in taking out the young lady to whom he was engaged to such entertainments. Ultimately, of course, he was found out, and, when starving on the road, determined to commit suicide. The Salvationists found him in the nick of time, and now he is foreman of their paper-collecting yard.

"Another at the ripe age of twenty-four, had been twenty-seven times in prison. His father was in prison, his eldest brother committed suicide in prison by throwing himself over the banisters. Also, he had two brothers at present undergoing penal servitude, who, when he was a little fellow, used to pass him through windows to open doors in houses which they were burgling."

Saskatoon.—On Sunday night, Dec. 18, a Scotch friend spoke from John III. 3. A beautiful prayer meeting followed, when three souls sought salvation.—A. M.

T.H.O. NOON-DAY KNEE DRILL.

Times of refreshing are expected. Comrade Officers in all parts of the Territory will be remembered at the Throne of Heavenly Grace. The Lessons will be as follows:

FRI., JAN. 20.—BRIG. MOREHEN.
TUES., JAN. 24.—BRIG. MORRIS.
FRI., JAN. 27.—MAJOR TURPIN.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

(Continued From Page Two.)

ual artist—the man who paints Christ in his soul—wants no solitary niches in the temple of fame. He would not like to hear anyone say: "He is the first of his profession; there is not one that can hold the candle with him." He would be very sad to be distinguished in his profession of Christ, marked out as a solitary figure. The gladdest moment to him will always be the moment when the cry is heard, "Thy brother is coming up the ladder also; thy brother will share the inheritance with thee."

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

(Continued From Page Six.)

"I want you to fasten the covering again after I'm in," said Jim, "for I'm going to just lay down in the bottom of that boat till the weather gets better. Don't tell anyone where I am, and come and see me every night."

So Jim crawled into the longboat unobserved, and Jack fastened him in securely. And there he lay for three days till the storm abated; feeling all the while that life at sea wasn't worth living—for a landman at any rate.

(To be continued.)

Promoted to Glory.

SERGEANT MRS. LEWIS
OF LONDON I.

Death has again visited London I. and taken away one of the brightest lights of the Corps, in the person of Sergeant Mrs. Lewis. The summons came for her early Tuesday morning, Nov. 29th. She had been ill for a few months, which were characterized by patient waiting until the chariot lowered. She was quite ready and waiting. Our comrade was conscious up to the last, and talked to and prayed for all the family one by one, then gladly went to be with Him she had loved so well. Her life was a beautiful example of faithfulness, and her death was triumphant. She had been a soldier of London I. ever since the early days (nearly 27 years ago). In the days when fighting was hard she consecrated herself to the work, and was never known to take her hand from the plow.

The funeral service was conducted in the Citadel by Colonel Chandler, which was well filled, many of the old-time Salvationists coming to pay their respects to the remains of the fallen warrior, and several comrades spoke of her faithful life, among the number being Mrs. Major McGillivray, Mrs. Temple, and Mrs. Jarvis. The service at the graveside was conducted by Staff-Captain Walton. The memorial service was held on the following Sunday night, led by the Staff-Captain, Mrs. Andrews and Major McGillivray also spoke.

Our sympathy is with the bereaved, especially Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Captain Kerwell, and we pray that they may be comforted in this hour of their trial.—One Who Knew Her.

Granbrook, B.C.—Two souls were saved on Christmas day. On New Year's Eve three more persons came forward.

On Jan. 1st Brother Simpson was enrolled. Converts are doing well.—W. W. C.

Scripture Texts, Mottoes, Xmas Cards, Calendars, etc., etc.

OUR Stock has just recently been augmented with several New Lines. We have pleasure in calling attention to some of the following:

No. 260. "As thy Days."

Size 8 by 5½. A six-page upright Turnover Calendar, with fine Floral Designs. Embossed Title Page. Monthly Calendar in clear figures. Specially selected Texts. Corded to hang.

No. 261. "Another Year."

Size 8 by 5½. A six-page upright Turnover Calendar, with Floral and Landscape Designs. Monthly Calendar in clear figures. Embossed Title Page. Selected Texts with verses by Mercedes Rivolta. Corded to hang.

No. 262. "In His Footsteps."

Size 8 by 5½. A six-page oblong Turnover Calendar, with beautiful Floral Designs in Dark Tinted Panels. Embossed Title Page. Monthly Calendar in clear figures. Selected Texts and specially written verses by F. M. Nesbitt. Corded to hang.

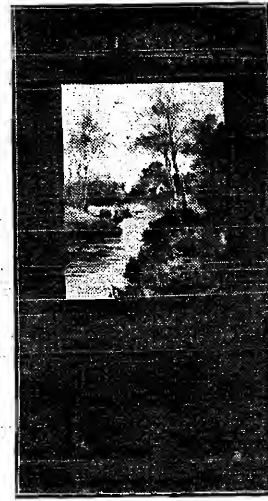
No. 270. "Green Pastures."

Size 12½ by 6½. An Artistic Calendar on new Art Boards, with Title and Motto Text. Embossed in White, with fine Bromide Pictures in Panel. Monthly date Pad with a Text for each month. Corded to hang.

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will be WELCOMED to this TERRITORY at a

GREAT UNITED RALLY

TO BE HELD IN THE

TEMPLE, on THURSDAY, JANUARY 19th.

AT 8 p.m.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY will conduct the proceedings, assisted by the TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS' STAFF. COLONEL and MRS. GASKIN, LIEUT.-COLONELS and MRS. PUGMIRE AND TURNER, BRIGADIERS and MRS. BOND, POTTER, TAYLOR, RAWLING, MOREHEN, MORRIS, and others. COLONEL BATES, the International Auditor-General, will also be present.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

There will be REPRESENTATIVE SPEAKERS, the MASSES BANDS will play, the T.H.Q. STAFF BAND and MALE CHOIR will be to the front... Different phases of The Salvation Army work will be represented.

DR. WILBUR CHAPMAN will be present and speak.

IT WILL BE A STRIKING AND NOVEL WELCOME.

Admission FREE, by Ticket, which SOLDIERS and FRIENDS may secure from their Officer.

On Wednesday, JAN. 18, COMMISSIONER & MRS. REES

will meet all the OFFICERS of the City in the COUNCIL CHAMBER, at 4 p.m.

Pray for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our new Leaders.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

DR. CHAPMAN'S SIMULTANEOUS :: REVIVAL CAMPAIGN IN TORONTO.

REV. WILBUR CHAPMAN has arranged for a "SALVATION ARMY" night in the MASSEY HALL, Thursday, JAN. 26th. Full Particulars Next Week.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes.—Ye Banks and Braes, 121; Stella, 120.

1 We greet with joy the glad new year,
We hail its dawn without a fear;
For Christ will guide us from above,
And fill us with His perfect love;
In fiercest war He'll give us rest,
The more we do the more we're blest.

The time draws nigh when we must stand,
With millions more, at God's right hand;
Our days are flying, Oh, so fast,
The coming year may be our last;
Then let us seek for greater power,
And strike for victory every hour.

With Christ so near, we'll brave the foe,
Our garments shall be white as snow;
We will obtain more inward grace,
And for lost souls the cross embrace;
We'll use each talent He has given,
To lead them to our God and Heaven.

APPPOINTMENTS.

COLONEL GASKIN
JANUARY 28 and 29.....HAMILTON
FEBRUARY 4 and 5.....OWEN SOUND
BRIGADIER BURDITT—
JANUARY 19.....PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
JANUARY 20.....REGINA
JANUARY 21 and 22.....PRINCE ALBERT
BRIGADIER TAYLOR—
JANUARY 21, 22, and 23.....KINGSTON
MAJOR SIMCO (London Division)—
JANUARY 17 to 19.....LEAMINGTON
JANUARY 20 to 23.....ST. MARY'S
STAFF-CAPTAIN ARNOLD—
JANUARY 22.....PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND—
JANUARY 28 and 29.....BELLEVILLE

Free and Easy.

Tunes.—Monmouth, 9; Old Hundred, 13; Army Bells, 236; Song-Book, No. 466.
2 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,

Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.
Let every creature rise and bring
Its grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

Salvation.

Tune.—Come to the Saviour, 222, Ed & F. Song-Book, No. 25.

3 Come to the Saviour,
Come to the Saviour,
Thou sin-stricken offspring of man;
He left His throne above
To reveal His wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin.

Chorus:

I do believe it! I do believe it!
I'm saved through the blood of the
Lamb;
My happy soul has praise for the Lord
Hallelujah!

Oh, saved?

Oh, The

Oh, The